

"like I said, 'Max is the only real buddy I've got.'
let's start packing"

"what happened to my green dress?"
she asks.

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA

HIGH SERIOUSNESS

In the middle of class
there came a thumping on some nearby wall.
"That's okay," I said,
we're in the plumbing department building
and don't laugh
because the plumbing majors
will at least get jobs.

But, inexplicably, one student
thought I had said, "the Polish department."
I learned of this second-hand.
Apparently he was himself Polish,
which I hope is not significant,
and he was miffed that I would imply
that students in the Polish department
(we don't have one, by the way)
would spend all their class time
banging their heads against the wall.

That was the afternoon I decided
to let my membership in the Audubon Society lapse
and to join the ACLU,
on the grounds that,
if there has to be a new extinction
I'd rather it be the egrets.

WHY I'M BETTER OFF SKIPPING MEETINGS

I had already offended the "facilitator"
at our curriculum discussion day
with my jeremiad against redundancies and jargon --
at least I think he was offended; maybe
he didn't realize it was his patter
about "imaging positive and individualized
action items" that had set me off.

Anyway, either way, I mellowed over the free post-conference beefeaters and approached him with, "Do you remember what you said this morning about it being a successful day, even if nothing more were accomplished than that some of us actually spoke to certain of our colleagues to whom we hadn't spoken for years?"

He brightened: "Yes," he said; "yes, I certainly do!"

"Well, I wanted you to know that I did speak to two people today with whom I hadn't been on speaking terms for years."

"You did?" he said, "that's wonderful,"

and momentarily my heart leapt up to see him so happy because I could tell that for all his psychobabble he was basically a good, well-meaning man, but I couldn't sustain it:

"Yeah," I went on, "I told both of them to get fucked."

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN

"I'm working hard at making my marriage last," she tells me.

"It ain't easy," I say.

"You bet your ass, it isn't," she nods, "and it's all the harder if you really enjoy strange dick."

FISH NOR FOWL

When I explained to my wife that it was a ritual necessity for me to drink Wild Turkey while reading the latest Walker Percy novel, she said, "I know exactly what you mean. Half-way through The Old Man and the Sea, I went out for lox."